eam in rem singulariter constructam docta ἐγχείρησι torqueri solet, ut a particulis heterogeneis et crassioribus mundetur; mundatæ pauxillum admiscetur (centissima fere pars) olei *Toï* dicti ex fructu arboris *Kiri*. Sic vasibus ligneis indita per Japoniam venalis transvehitur."

Note H.

The following account of the death of Socrates is translated from the *Phædon* of Plato.

And Crito hearing this gave the sign to the boy who stood near. And the boy departing after some time returned bringing with him the man, who was to administer the poison, who brought it ready bruised in a cup. And Socrates beholding the man, said, "Good friend, come hither, you are experienced in these affairs,—What is to be done?" "Nothing," replied the man, "only when you have drank the poison, you are to walk about until a heaviness takes place in your legs. Then lie down. This is all you have to do." At the same time he presented him the cup. Socrates received it from him with great calmness, without fear or change of countenance, and regarding the man with his usual stern aspect, he asked, "What say you of this potion? Is it lawful to sprinkle any portion of it on the earth as a libation, or not?" "We only bruise," said the man, "as much as is barely sufficient for the purpose." "I understand you," said Socrates, "but it is certainly lawful and proper to pray the gods that my departure from hence may be prosperous and happy, which I indeed beseech them to grant." So saying, he carried the cup to his mouth and drank it with great promptness and facility.

Thus far most of us had been able to refrain from weeping. But when we saw that he was drinking and actually had drunk the poison, we could no longer restrain our tears. And from me they broke forth with such violence, that I covered my face and deplored my wretchedness. I did not weep for his fate, so much,

as for the loss of a friend and benefactor, which I was about to sustain. But Crito unable to restrain his tears was compelled to rise. And Apollodorus, who had been incessantly weeping, now broke forth into loud lamentations, which infected all who were present except Socrates. But, he observing us, exclaimed, "What is it you do, my excellent friends? I have sent away the women that they might not betray such weakness. I have heard that it is our duty to die cheerfully and with expressions of joy and praise. Be silent therefore, and let your fortitude be seen." At this address we blushed and suppressed our tears. But Socrates, after walking about, now told us that his legs were beginning to grow heavy, and immediately laid down, for so he had been ordered. At the same time the man who had given him the poison, examined his feet and legs, touching them at intervals. At length he pressed violently upon his foot, and asked if he felt it. To which Socrates replied, that he did not. The man then pressed his legs and so on, shewing us that he was becoming cold and stiff. And Socrates feeling of himself assured us, that when the effects had ascended to his heart he should then be gone. And now the middle of his body growing cold, he threw aside his clothes and spoke for the last time, "Crito, we owe the sacrifice of a cock to Æsculapius. Discharge this and neglect it not." "It shall be done, said Crito; have you any thing else to say?" He made no reply, but a moment after moved, and his eyes became fixed. And Crito seeing this, closed his eyelids and mouth.

JACOB BIGELOW *American Medical Botany* BOSTON, 1817-1820 CARY GRAPHIC ARTS COLLECTION, ROCHESTER INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY Octavo